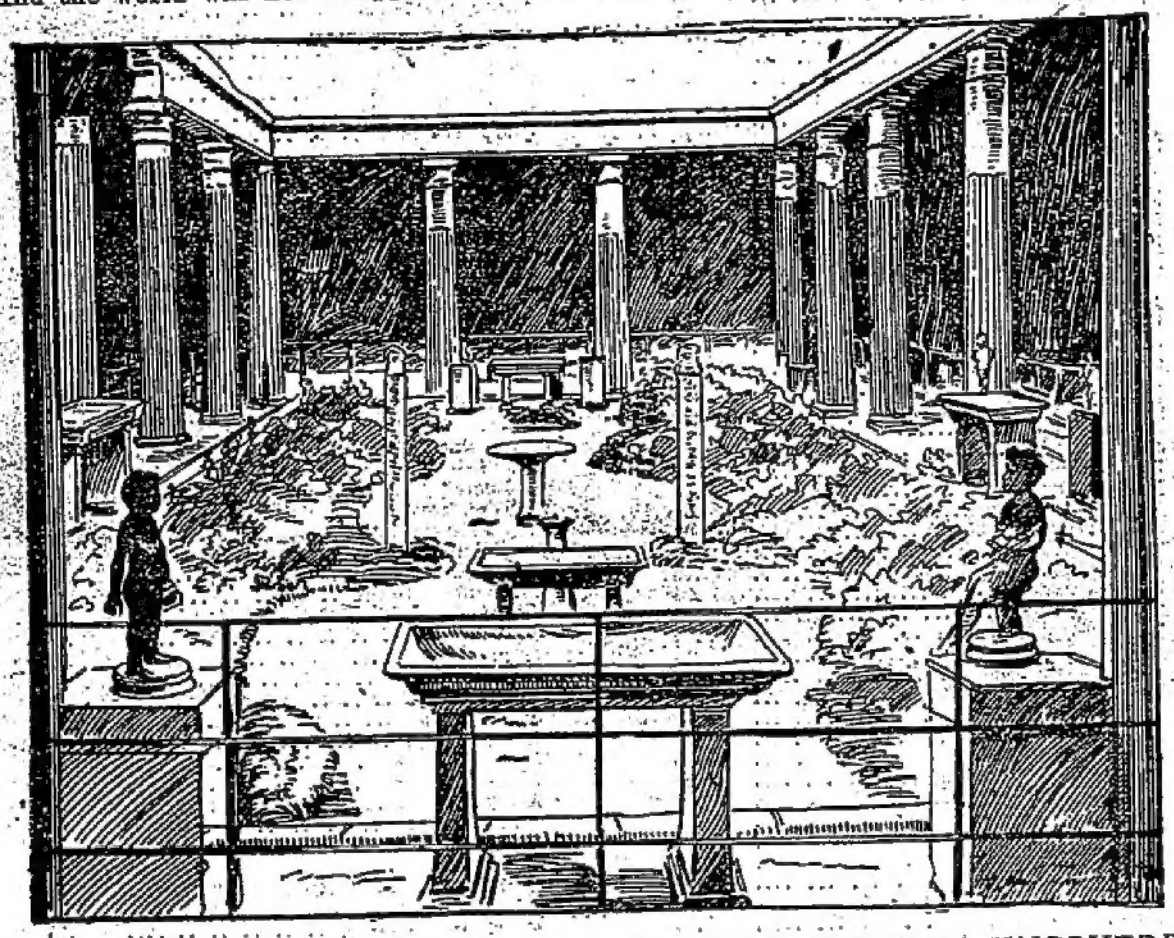
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 27. MONTREAL, JULY 6, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Excavations at Pompeii.

(By Felicia Buttz Clark.)

The historical value of the excavations which have been made at Pompeii during the past fifty years is incalculable. Before the accidental discovery of the buried city, 300 years ago, and the subsequent researches which have been made among the ruins, knowledge as to the customs and manner of life of the ancient Romans was chiefly, if not entirely, obtained through manuscripts, which dated back to the early centuries—and these were very few. When Pompeii was brought to light, and its houses were found to be in precisely the condition in which they were when the ashes of Vesuvius covered them with a funeral pall, the whole world expected great discoveries. And the world was not disappointed. The



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CASA DEI VETTI, RECENTLY UNCOVERED AT POMPEII.

museum at Naples—no doubt the richest and most unique on the continent of Europe—contains numberless works of art, which have come to light during the excavations of past years. Not all of these have come from Pompeii; many of the most exquisite bronzes were found in that sister city, Herculaneum. For some reason, this latter place is not shown frequently to visitors, and a good many of its buildings are underground, while above them rise the houses of Naples.

About one-half of the town of Pompeii has already been excavated. Owing to its exposed position on a plain, and the fact that no town has been erected over it, the removal of the eighteen or twenty feet of ashes and earth which cover t is only a question of time.

Since 1860 the work has been conducted on a systematic plan; yet it is calculated that, by the constant employment of eighty men, it will take fifty more years to lay bare the entire city. The rubbish through which they dig consists of four layers. That nearest, or rather on, the surface is the earth, which has accumulated in these years. It is curious how nature hastens to cover up the ruined objects which man neglects. Professor Lanciani, one of the most respected archaeologists of the day, says that, if no effort were made to remove it, ordinary dust would cover the Roman Forum each year to the extent of four inches. Hence, it is easy to see how large objects, ruined temples, statuary, and even tall pillars have, in the course of centuries, been buried and their places forgotten. So it was in Pompeii. Dust fell upon dust, layer over layer, and the fresh green grass sprang up to hide and shroud the burial-place of the unfortunate city.

After the loads of earth are carried away by means of a couple of cars drawn on a single track, the workmen come to a layer of pumice stone, which is very light and porous. Every schoolgirl knows that pumice stone and ink stains are sworn enemies, but probably she does not know, or has never thought of the fact that the porous stone with which she rubs her hands, is of volcanic origin, and is the solidified foam which is formed by the escaping gas on the surface of molten lava. In walking through a quantity of these stones, such as are found at Pompeii, one has a very peculiar sensation, almost as if the foot were on a movable pavement. It is also very warm.

Below the pumice come the ashes. Black and heavy-looking they are, and it was these which did the most damage to Pompeii. Lord Lytton, in his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' tells of the hot pumice stones which fell over the city on that awful day, and of the blinding, overpowering shower of ashes, which penetrated into all the corners, stopping up the ways of escape, and filling the throat and lungs of the poor, gasping population. There is a stratum of fully a foot, I should say, of these ashes in the accumulations which cover Pompeii. It is no wonder that the men and women fled to their cellars to escape this choking dust, and there lay down and died.

Three years ago the workmen dug through the earth, and then through the pumice and ashes. As they removed the last layer of pumice, they found that they had uncovered one of the finest houses yet found in Pompeii. Many of the richest objects, which must have been contained in it when the family was obliged to flee 2,000 years ago, had been already seized by robbers who returned to the buried city after the danger was over. But many treasures remained. The government then resolved that the house should be left just as it had been found, so that visitors need no longer imagine what Pompeii had been, but could see for themselves exactly how statues and tables had stood. The result is wonderful.

From the outer door a wide passageway leads to the small atrium, where the paster of the house transacted business, and thence to a very large, rectangular tablinum, which was devoted to the family. On the walls of the various rooms, which open from a covered corridor surrounding the court, are exquisite paintings, whose original coloring has been marvellously preserved. The dining-room, with mosaic floors, has a decoration of large figures, whose graceful draperies were painted by the hand of a master. As a dado, are frescoes representing cupids accomplishing all sorts of household work. In one their charming, laughing faces look up from their labor of planing and sawing; in another, they are chiselling marble columns and statues; and in still another, they are cooking dinner. The tints are exceedingly delicate, and the apartment has been carefully roofed over and enclosed, to prevent any injury from wind or dampness.

In the kitchen is precisely the same form of stove which is to be seen to-day in Italy, with an opening under it for fuel. Here are the brass cooking vessels, the kettles and frying pans, which were used on that last day; and on the iron tripods under which the fire was made are other utensils, almost identical in form with those in use by us at the latter end of the nineteenth century. Returning to the court, where growing plants flourish just as similar plants did so long ago, one sees that leaden pipes conducted cool water to this garden, and that each statuette is supplied with its cunningly-hidden opening, through which jets of water fell continuously into the channels provided for it. Chained to the wall near by are two quaint money-chests, but, alas! there is no more gold in them; it was stolen centuries ago. By means of a seal found here it was found that this house belonged to a family by the name of Vetti; hence it is known as the Casa dei Vetti.

Who knows what further treasures the excavations of the next fifty years in Pompeii may give us? Work is going on there daily. A couple of weeks ago the men unearthed a house whose garden showed distinctly the marks of the holes where the plants had been. As late as yesterday, while the International Press Congress were watching the diggers, they saw brought to light a very beautiful mural painting, which is thought to be one of the largest and finest yet discovered. A graceful terra-cotta bust of a woman was taken out of its cov-

ering of pumice. In another house, known to have been occupied by a gladiator, the men found some amphoroe, a 'tear-bottle,' a marble head representing a satyr, and, buried in ashes, two skeletons—one of a man, the other of a woman—while near by lay a man's finger-ring.

The Opening Year.

The Old Year, with its record,
Is gone forever more:
The New Year, full of promise,
Stands waiting at the door.

Ah! could we live it over!
So sigh we of the past,
Live we the new, as wish we now
That we had lived the last.

That past, its lessons teaching,
With guiding light should shine,
To warn from self-dependence,
And lead to grace divine.

With high resolve, and holy,
With purpose, firm and true,
Let us go forth with meekness,
God's will and work to do.

Then golden moments wasted,
And days all dark with sin,
Shall not so sadly color
The year we now begin.

—'Waif.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of June 26:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$226.76
S.W.	1.00
Robert Knox	2.00
Bervie Christian Endeavor Society	10.00
Wm. Farrell	10.00
Gerald, Gordon, Burton, Madge	.45
A Friend, city	1.00
Women's Christian Temperance Union, Athens, Ont.	5.00
Mrs. N. R. Knowlton	1.00
Friends, Athens	.50
Mrs. J. L. Smith	2.00
Hugh	5.00
A Friend, Compton	10.00
E. F. Hebden	10.00
Barrie Bible Union	12.00
Miss A. Grant	1.00
H. Swanson	1.50
A Friend, South Durham	1.00
Mrs. J. J. Finlay	5.00
S. L. L. Clink	6.00
Samuel Meek	1.00
A Sympathizer, Appleton	2.00
A. McGregor	.25
George Cameron	.50
Mrs. Williams	.25
Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Rawson	6.00
P.R.B.	1.00
Friend, Fall Creek, Oregon	5.00
John Wiltse	1.00
Mrs. John Wiltse	1.00
Mrs. Walter Smith	1.00
Miss S. Wiltse	1.00
Miss Susan Wiltse	1.00
Miss Belle Wiltse	1.00
P.M.R.	.50
Peter Campbell	3.50
A Friend, Monck	.75
Little Helps, Deerfield	.35
Mrs. John Date	10.00
M.N.O.	1.00
A.K.M.	2.00
Yearley Sunday School	.25
W. J. H. Brown	1.00
Bensfort Union Sunday School	6.00
A. G. Ross, per Mrs. R. Wade	1.00
A Few Friends, Grand Mere, Que., per P. N. King	10.40
Mrs. James White	1.00
Mrs. Bert. Knapp	1.00
Miss Ellis	2.00
Mrs. E. S.	1.00
North River Mission Box, per Alice Cunningham, treasurer	5.00
Wm. H. Trefley	2.00
Mrs. J. W. Harris	1.00
A Friend in Smith's Falls	2.00
Mrs. Richard Hanna	1.00
R. Y. Blyth	1.00
A.G.H.	5.00
Collected by Miss Hattie Alexander, Mascouche, Que.	3.50
John Matthews	5.00
Mrs. Wesley Watt	1.00
Hullett School, Manitoba	7.45
A Friend, Picton	10
Collected by Pearl Snyder, May Nelson and Harley Hill, Abingdon, Ont.	3.00
John R. Barr	1.00
P. W. Ferguson	1.00
Mrs. P. W. Ferguson	1.00
G. Ferguson	.75
Sympathizer, G.S., Montreal	2.00
Mabel Goodfellow	.01
Mary Goodfellow	.01
James Leslie	.05
Lily Leslie	.05
Arthur Meredith	.10
Ella Leslie	.05
John Smyth	.05
Bessie Leslie	.05
Gregor Leslie	.05
Thomas Warden	.05
Edna Campbell	.05
Miss E. M. Warden	.45
	$1.00

Collected by Mrs. R. A. Ewing and Miss Annie Bentley, Bishop's Crossing—

Mrs. J. C. Lasell	3.00
R. A. Ewing	2.00
W. G. Cross	1.00
Clarence A. Gilbert	1.00
Mr. W. Osgood	.25
S. P. Embury	.25
Albert Embury	.25
Richard Kidd	.25
Charles Vintinner	.25
John Cowling	.50
W. W. Gould	.25
E. P. Jenkerson	.25
C. O. Jenkerson	.15
Mrs. J. McFadden	1.00
O. A. Bishop	1.00
G. A. Harrison	.25
Mrs. L. F. McKenzie	.50
Mrs. Millar	.25
Mrs. W. J. Coates	.50
Mrs. Geo. Bennett	.50
Mrs. E. C. Gilbert	.20
O. C. Bickford	.25
Rev. Mr. Millar	.50
Mrs. H. F. Gilbert	.25
F. R. Bishop	1.00
J. W. Bishop	1.00
Mildred Ewing	.25
Mrs. Fred. Hooker	.20
Mrs. Wm. Hooker	.25
Mrs. T. D. Lasell	1.00
Mrs. J. D. Gauthier	.50
Mrs. O. M. Bishop	.50
Mrs. N. M. Bishop	.50
Mrs. J. B. Hooker	.50
Mrs. L. N. Bishop	1.00
Mrs. J. R. Andrews	.50
M. C. Bishop	1.00
Carl Willard	.25
Lulu Gilbert	.25
Mrs. G. M. Hall	.25
Mabel Evans	.20
Mrs. J. L. Finlay	.25
D. P. McHarg	.50
Wm. Wark	.50
Maggie McHarg	.05
E. T. Bishop	1.00
Mrs. Harlet Rich	.25
J. J. Bishop	.25
Evelyn Gilbert	.15
Mrs. Fred. Gilbert	.25
Miss E. Ward	.25
Mrs. Coleman	.50
John Ewing	.25
David McKeage	.25
C. H. Wilson	.50
Oscar Joyce	.25
Effie McNaughton	.15
Mdc. A. Brochu	.25
Mrs. Bassett, sr.	.25
Joseph Plouf	.50
Wm. Bentley	1.00
H. Bentley	.50
L. B. Westman	.50
Wm. Williams	1.00
N. Coto	1.00
F. Staples	.25
Dannie McDonald	.25
T. W. Rolfe	.25
J. Harding	.10
A Friend	.15
C. O. Gustafson	.25
Mrs. W. Tompson	.25
A Friend (Lime Ridge)	2.00
Mrs. C. H. Main	.25
Edward Westman	.25
Mrs. J. A. Westman	.25
Mrs. Gustafson	.25
Mrs. A. C. Rolfe	.25
G. O. Bishop	.25
Mrs. J. Davidson	.25
Mr. Peter LaClair	.25
Mrs. W. R. Jenkerson	.25
Clara Bentley	.25
Mrs. A. G. Bishop	.25
Mrs. T. C. Osgood	.25
Sarah C. Embury	.25
Mrs. L. Stacy	.25
M. E. Embury	.10
Mrs. J. Andrew	.50
Miss S. Cunningham	.10
Arthur Bentley	.05
Inez V. Rowe	.10
Mrs. B. W. Jenkerson	.20
Mr. Wm. Embury	.30
A. R. Rolfe	.15
Jessie Buchanan	.25
Mrs. C. N. Andrews	.25
Mr. C. N. Andrews	.25
Mr. H. F. Kingsley	.25
Gladys W. Orr	.10
Mrs. E. F. Orr	.25
One Cunningham	.10
Persis Cunningham	.10
A. L. Hall	.10
W. S. Andrews	.10
Parker Darling	.50
J. Westley Lindley	1.00
Mr. George Lindley	.25
Wm. Bloomfield	.50
J. M. Atto	.50
J. Bloomfield	.25
Annette Bloomfield	.25
Mr. A. Atto	.25
Rufus Rolfe	.25
Mrs. Sarah Rolfe	.25
Mrs. Cy. Rolfe	.25
D. H. Bishop	.25
Mrs. D. H. Bishop	.25
Mrs. Geo. Rolfe	.25
M. S. Macdonald	.50
Mrs. Hardcastle	.10
Frank Bentley	.10
Matthew Bentley	.50
	50.65
Error in addition	.05
	50.60

Collected by Mrs. M. J. Beattie, Stanbury, Que., Methodist Church—

W. H. McCabe	1.25
M. J. Beattie	1.00
J. S. Kennedy	1.00
T. W. Sheehan	.50
W. H. Wilson	1.00
H. M. Short	.50
J. W. Humphrey	1.00
H. Durocher	1.00
	7.25
	$480.71

Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received—

To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$38.07	
To Christian Alliance Mission	85.87	
To American Board of Missions	22.10	
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	7.17	
To Southern Indian Famine Fund	23.55	
		226.76
		$253.95

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission, Gujerat.

Previously acknowledged	$2,492.34
Proceeds of meeting at Township Hall, Bullock's Corners, per S. A. Brown	15.00
F. F. F. and E. J.	2.05

Sent by pupils and teacher of Hagyard School:

Maggie McBeth	$3.75
Murrey McKinnon	.20
Leslie Wisner	.20
Edward McBeth	1.15
D. McBeth	5.00
Harvey Lyttle	.05
Herbert Lyttle	.05
Harry Wisner	.15
Christena McBeth	.25
Mason Goodwin	.10
Mary Goodwin	1.00
Willie Goodwin	.20
Charlie Goodwin	.30
Weir Goodwin	.20
Thomas Goodwin	.30
Marion Goodwin	.50
Forrest Shaw	.30
Annie Goodwin	.10
Lillie Shaw	.20
Annie McKinnon	.25
Ethel Johnston	.15
Cornelius Shaw	.05
Maggie Goodwin	.10
Olive Goodwin	.05
Ray Foster	.05
Arthur Shaw	1.00
John Goodwin	.25
Wm. Moore	.25
Lena Quinn	.10
A. Donaldson	.50
Harry Moore	.20
Weslie Shaw	.05
Rachael Shaw	.05
Ada E. Speers	1.65
	$19.00

From the Union Sabbath School, Brooklyn Corner, King's County, N.S.—

Collected by Jessie Dow and Hattie Newcomb:

W. F. Newcomb	.30
A Friend	.10
John Rand	.20
Melbourne Boyle	.10
Frank Boyle	.10
John Chute	.20
Harry Chute	.10
Mrs. Chute	.10
Noble Chute	.10
James Dow	.20
A Friend	.10
Mrs. R. Dow	.50
Margaret Dow	.10
Mary Dow	.10
Mrs. Hall	.10
Mr. L. N. Tupper	.25

Collected by Lila Rockwell and Mary Newcombe:

R. E. Rockwell	.25
Mrs. R. E. Rockwell	.25
John Rockwell	.10
J. M. Marchant	.25
Mrs. J. M. Marchant	.25
A Friend	.10
Mrs. G. D. Skinner	1.00
Mrs. A. C. Strong	.25
A Friend	.50
A Friend	.25
Mrs. Owen Finch	.10
S. A. Schofield	.25
Mrs. S. A. Schofield	.25
Mrs. H. B. Schofield	.25
A Friend	.25
A Friend	.25
Mrs. J. Bowles	.25
A Friend	.10
Jennie Skinner	.40
	7.95
Less cost of remittance	.07
	$7.88
Part of undesignated amounts	55.87
	$2,623.14

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

July 8, Sun.—Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

July 9, Mon.—Be an holy people.

July 10, Tues.—Keep all the commandments.

July 11, Wed.—The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee.

July 12, Thurs.—The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure.

July 13, Fri.—The secret things belong unto the Lord our God.

July 14, Sat.—The word is very nigh unto thee.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Prize That was Missed.

(By Annie L. Noble, in 'Forward.')

Marion Elsworth and Isabel Norton were not cousins, yet they rejoiced in the possession of a common uncle. Rejoiced is the word to use, for this uncle had been to them a real benefactor. He was not a rich man, but having no children of his own, he had given both nieces the very best education they were able to receive. Each girl came from a family of small means, so the good old gentleman reasoned that he could do no better for each than to fit her to be self-supporting. Isabel was rather handsome. Marion's sweet expression made her always attractive; and both—when their student life was ended—were equally qualified to teach to others what they had thoroughly learned.

Immediately after their graduation came a surprise which made them rejoice anew in 'Uncle Ben.' He wrote to each niece a note of congratulation, assured her of his continued affection, but told her plainly that what he now proposed to do for her was probably the last pecuniary assistance that he could give her. He said then that after months of hard study the girls must need rest; he proposed, therefore, to give them a sum sufficient to cover the expenses of a summer in Europe. He believed that the trip would be a delight, and a benefit intellectually.

Never were two young women happier! However, in the few weeks previous to sailing, each had the same thought: 'We must find situations as teachers before the next school year begins.' With this aim they wrote many letters to educational bureaus and former teachers. When at last the day came for them to sail, each one had a reasonable hope of a future position. Marion looked confidently forward to a place in a crowded high school, where work would be hard and the salary by no means large; but it was a beginning. Isabel had far finer prospects. Certain influential friends were working to get her into a women's college of very high standing, where her work would be congenial, her salary double that of Marion's, and her home in the institution one of luxury compared to the humble boarding place which a public school teacher could afford.

Marion, however, was far too sweet-natured to let this difference in their prospects give her any discontent, much less any jealousy. In all their past intercourse, Isabel had taken the pre-eminence. It seemed natural that she should start life in advance of her gentler companion. Isabel did, indeed, have some qualifications of a true leader, and in the first weeks of their foreign tour, Marion was glad to have her manage the business of the trip. Still, living constantly with Isabel, she perceived in her some traits not really admirable, yet strangely enough these were just those on whose possession Isabel most prided herself.

One morning the girls were in Munich, awaiting a train. They were going to a musical festival in a quaint old hamlet in the Bavarian highlands. While sitting in the station Isabel suddenly exclaimed:—'Marion, I can tell you where you will surely fail of success in life, if you do not change your tactics. Just deserving, working, and praying for the best is not going to bring even second best. One must push, push, and snatch every chance. Somebody must always go to the wall in a scrabble, but it never shall be her majesty, myself—never.'

Before Marion could speak, Isabel hurried her across the platform, saying, 'There is our train! I mean to have a compartment to ourselves.'

'We can't; there are too many going!'

Isabel caught the door of a cab, or 'waggon,' as the Germans say, hustled Marion inside, then turned to face a simply-dressed woman who was about to follow.

'This compartment is engaged,' Isabel promptly explained.

'There are only two of your party.'

'The compartment is certainly taken,' and Isabel glanced toward several ladies bidding an officer good-bye.

The elderly lady retreated, taking the next car, which was unpleasantly crowded. By several skilful manoeuvres of a similar sort, Isabel managed to keep the compartment to themselves, much against Marion's consent, but Isabel protested: 'Let in one and half a dozen will follow.'

The train started, and soon the varying scenery engaged all their attention. Only once Belle, as her friend called her, exclaimed: 'Last night I had a letter from the lady who is president of —— college. She will see me in London next month. I am told that if she approves now I will get the position.'

'I think she will approve,' said Marion, thinking to herself that Isabel's personal appearance, voice and manner would impress her favorably.

Toward noon Belle said:—'We should have telegraphed for rooms. I heard last night that the village was full of people and the one hotel crowded.'

'We may get into some peasant's house. If clean I should not object,' said Marion.

An hour later they reached the pretty hamlet in a wide, sunlit valley, where queer red-roofed cottages clustered round one ancient church. On either side was a pine-covered mountain, and above and beyond a glorious circle of snowy peaks, sharp cut against blue sky. Blue and white Bavarian banners were waving everywhere, cannons were firing; the village streets and country roads were alive with people in gala dresses. Marion wanted to look about, but Belle hurried her to the hotel, only to be told that every place was full except one undesirable dingy room.

'Are your rooms all occupied now?' asked Belle.

'All but a few that are engaged by people just arrived or coming before night.'

'Please show me the south corner room with a balcony.'

'That has been engaged for three days by letter and telegraph,' persisted the polite proprietor.

'Will you allow me to see it? I have a reason,' asked Belle.

The man looked puzzled, but led the way, while Marion waited below.

After several minutes they came back, and a servant was ordered to 'take up the ladies' luggage.'

'What a beautiful room! How did you get it?' asked Marion.

'Oh, we found there was a mistake. A single room, not a double room, had been engaged,' hastily answered Belle. 'Now let us hurry out to see the fete.'

Since this is a story of people—not of

'THIS COMPARTMENT IS ENGAGED,' ISABEL EXPLAINED.

that festival—suffice it to say that all the day was full of interest and novelty, and when evening came the two friends were too weary to walk about any more. So they mounted to the highest balcony of the hotel, and sat watching the torchlight processions, wandering musicians, and merry-making peasants in the valley. Unaware of an open window just around a rear angle, they chatted freely. Marion began:

'I have been sorry all day about that lady that you would not let into our car. She is in this hotel. I am sure she must have been disappointed in a room she had engaged from what I overheard. She was talking with the proprietor—I do not like his oily manner. She was very indignant at some change or what he called a misunderstanding. Why, Belle, what are you laughing at?'

'Oh, you old innocent! We have her room, and a fine one it is, too! She engaged it for one person at four marks, but when I told him to run another cot in, making it a double room at eight marks, of course it was not the single room that she engaged. She is, no doubt, just a decent Dutch 'frau,' and the dingy room will come cheaper for her.'

'She is English, I think, not German,' said Marion, quietly, 'and I am very, very sorry you did this.'

The discussion which followed brought out the real nature of each young woman strongly.

'I shall find the lady and offer to change places with her,' said Marion.

'Humph! Do you think she will come in with me—a perfect stranger? I shall make no change. It is kind, too, in you to accuse me of trickery when I was planning for your comfort.'

'I thank you for thinking of my comfort, and I accuse no one. I will tell her that I overheard her talk with the proprietor, and fancied that she had a claim to that room; then I will offer my half of it.'

Belle walked haughtily downstairs, but Marion, after some perplexity, found her way to the dismal room, which was just round the angle, near the balcony, and found the woman sitting by her window.

It was a full half hour before she joined her friend, saying: 'I found her, Belle, and she made no fuss whatever, although I know she suspected something was crooked somewhere. She prefers to stay where she is. We had quite a little visit. I think she may be a governess, but, at any rate, she is very intelligent, indeed. I have not talked to any one about myself as I talked to her. She was interested in our American schools, and I found myself telling her my hopes and plans for next year, as if I had known her always.'

Isabel was decidedly out of temper, and responded in monosyllables. The next day the 'English governess,' as Marion called her, made no attempt to avoid Isabel, but sought tactfully to make her acquaintance. Belle, quite at ease, again showed herself a fine conversationalist, and a capable, brilliant girl.

At the end of the festival Marion and Isabel went down the Rhine, round Holland, across to Paris, and in due course of time back to England.

At length, while in London, the day came for Isabel to meet the president of B—— College. They were shown into a private parlor and greeted by a richly-dressed woman, who received them with gentle dignity. Isabel at first was conscious only of black satin and fine lace, but as the woman began to talk she recognized the face of her 'decent Dutch frau,' and of Marion's 'governess.'

After talking of educational matters in general, she went on to speak of her correspondence with Isabel's friends in her behalf, and to enlarge on the qualifications necessary in a woman who was to be one of the college faculty; besides being thoroughly competent intellectually, she must be a lady, refined in word and deed.

The call was pleasant, but less satisfactory than Isabel expected; still, as she explained to Marion, nothing decisive was to be looked for under a fortnight. A few days later Marion was asked to call at the hotel. Marion did her best for her companion, although she was asked many personal questions during her call.

There were no developments until they had been at home a week. Then Marion Elsworth was proffered a position in B—— College. A month after Isabel accepted a place in a public school—and she knew why.

The Housekeeper's Child.

(By Maud Petitt.)

It was a rather plain little face, yet a pleasant one—a little girl of ten on the piano stool. Only in stolen moments, when no one else tenanted the great stately drawing-room, did Mabel Ashley, the housekeeper's child, venture to the piano she so much loved. It was in one of those hours the music master of Miss Vera Thorburn, the young lady of the house, had come in, unnoticed by Mabel.

'Ah, wonderful, wonderful,' said he, as he listened. 'Miss Vera will never play like that, and such a voice! I will give this child a few lessons gratis.'

The old music teacher became interested in his protege, and the few lesons increased to many, until Miss Vera began to view her small rival with a jealousy nothing short of dislike.

In such a mood she entered the drawing-room to practise and found Mabel on the stool, so absorbed in the music as not even to notice her entrance. It was several minutes before Mabel, turning her head, caught sight of the flushed angry face, in its bed of light fluffy hair. She was tall for a girl of thirteen, and rather pretty in spite of her hot temper.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Vera. Did I keep you waiting?'

No reply. Not even a glance from the downcast eyes. Mabel was closing the door very slowly behind her, perhaps still hoping for a gracious word, when an angry thrust from behind slammed it quickly on one of her slender fingers. But no cry escaped the sweet lips as she ran upstairs to her little room over the kitchen.

Once the door was closed, however, the little figure lay upon the bed in a paroxysm of sobs. It was not the bruised and bleeding finger, but the cruel, cutting insult. The insult that was only one of many such. And she was only the housekeeper's child. She must bear it all at the hands of her fair-haired tyrant. Oh, it was bitter—bitter—bitter. Why could not she, too, have a piano of her own without depending on other people's charity. Why had she no papa and no home? No lovely home like Vera Thorburn's? Must she always be just something in the way in the grand houses where her mother made a livelihood? Oh, to be just for a little while again in the pretty white cottage where they lived before papa died, where she played on the green lawn and slept in her little white bed at night.

But her spirit of discontent did not last long. It was not her nature. If He who had suffered so much for her let trials come, she would bear them—bear them in silence, that she should not add anything to her mother's burden. If she were in the way she would watch for opportunities to be useful. She would give kindness for slights and neglect.

* * * * * * *

The years passed on, seven, eight, nine, ten. The great Metropolitan Church was crowded that night, and the pastor sat down with bowed head after his sermon, while the girlish form of a young singer rose before the audience.

Why should I wait, when Jesus is calling?
Why should I wait when mercy is free?
List to Him now, so tenderly saying,
Come, my dear child, come now unto me.'

The silence deepened; not a breath to be heard; only a thrilled look on the faces of the people.

'Why should I wait,'

The words broke through the silence with the startling clearness of a trumpet call.

'Why should I wait,

Softly they came back, like the echo from a dream.

'Why should I wait,
Oh, why longer wait?'

A second invitation was given; there was a movement after the dead silence, and down the aisles people were coming to the altar, one, two, three, four, five. Just there in the third pew was a restless but handsome face, that we recognize as that of Vera Thorburn, whom we saw last a flushed and angry child by the drawing-room grate.

'Why should I wait, when troubled and weary?
Longing for rest the world cannot give?'

The beautiful face in the pew softened, and a moment later Miss Thorburn was kneeling at the feet of the housekeeper's child.

'Oh, Mabel,' she said, when all was over, 'do you remember what a little tyrant I used to be when you lived at our house? I used to be so jealous of your singing then, and yet it was something in your voice to-night that brought me to'—— She hesitated a moment, for she was but a newborn disciple—'to Jesus. Come home and spend the night with me.'

So Mabel Ashley, the talented and favorite soprano, slept that night as an honored guest under the roof of the Thorburn mansion, where she was snubbed ten years before as the housekeeper's child.—'Onward.'

Be Something.

Be something in this living age,
And prove your right to be
A light upon some darkened page,
A pilot on some sea.
Find out the place where you may stand,
Beneath some burden low;
Take up the task with willing hand;
Be something, somewhere, now!

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet,
A spring beside some dusky way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workman's roll:
Go sow, go reap or plough;
Bend to some task with heart and soul;
Be something, somewhere, now!

—'Temperance Monthly.'

Downright Honesty.

'Downright honesty is hard to find!' exclaimed a pessimistic gentleman.

A well-known literary lady replied, 'I hope not. When you find it where you expected to, it attracts no notice. It is a matter of course; and sometimes you find it when you are not looking for it.

'Several years ago my husband and I were hunting for colonial landmarks in one of the oldest quarters of New York City, when we were attracted by a pretty display of lingerie and small silk goods in the window of a little haberdashery shop. We stopped to admire, and finally went in. The shopkeepers were foreigners, a man and his wife. Their politeness, their broken English and their low prices were irresistible, and we made several purchases.

'"We sell cheap. It pay best—an' zare be only she an' me," the man said; and his wife echoed, "Zare be only he an' me," and went on with a pathetic little story of the baby that died. "But it be best. Zis no place for cheeldren. Some day, when we makes money, we go in ze country, an' haf a leetle land an' a leetle shop, an' be happy."

'"You seem happy here," I said.

'"Yees, we happy here—only we two. We go to church an' hear music. We not understand much talk, but we worsheep, an' God is good."

'We told them we were from the country. "Oh!" exclaimed the woman. "An' haf you' a rosebush an' a apple-tree an' tings alive?"

'I delighted her heart by telling her of our orchard and garden, and the cow and horse, and the pig and chickens.

'"Mabbe," said the man, his face all aglow, "you know some such leetle place as we like?"

'"Perhaps; we will see." And paying the bill and addressing our parcel, we took leave, promising to come again, but omitting to take the name and the street number.

'As the parcel did not reach us, we went the next afternoon to get it; but our "bump of locality" utterly failed us. We could not find the shop. We might almost as well have tried to identify a particular grain of sand that we had seen yesterday on the beach. In the tangle of streets and houses we lost ourselves as completely as if we had been set down in the woods.

'Twice before we left the city we renewed our fruitless search, and then we gave it up. But for long afterwards on every visit to New York, when we had an hour of leisure we drifted in among the antique buildings and crowded alleys of that foreign quarter, where we scarcely heard a word of English, never forgetting to look for the lost house with the quaint old bow window.

'The value of the parcel we had left was of little consequence, and it was partly historic curiosity that continued to attract us into those ancient streets; but we did not like being baffled, and we had told the interesting little couple that we would come.

'More than two years passed, and one day, while on an errand of special research through the old ward, we suddenly found ourselves facing the little shop and looking into the same pretty window. We stepped in to see if our two humble friends would recognize us.

'They called us by name before we were fairly inside the door, and the man brought the paper in which the bundle had been wrapped, and my husband was assured by his own handwriting that our failure to receive it was due to his own mistake.

'"We knew you come. You say so,' and they began at once to make up a new package.

'"But it is so long since we were here! You might have said you did not remember us—you have had so many customers."

'"Na, zat be wrong—tell a lie. Be honest is best. Please God. You find zat leetle place? We buy him now."

'Evidently they thought we had delayed our visit until we could bring them news of a country home, and had watched for us with childish anticipation as they added to their small savings.

'"We want to go away," they said. "Bad folks here all about. Only God take care of we—everything else bad. We want house an' garden an' leetle shop."

'Fortunately we knew of such a place; and the outcome of the matter was that in a short time their dream of a home in the country was realized.

'They came when the rose-bush was in bud and the apple-tree in blossom. The cackling of the hens was a joyous welcome, and the cat and kittens asleep on the sunny porch excited them to raptures of delight.

'Here they kept their little shop, found a church home, and made many friends. Another baby came to them, and still others; and they continue to be so happy that it is always a pleasure to call on them and make a small purchase.

'Of course the grateful souls credit us with much of their prosperity, and when the rewards of well-doing are mentioned, they always count us in.

'"All is so glad an' so good! It ees zat we do right—we an' you. We be honest an' please God—we an' you."

'I consider it one of the sweetest compliments I ever had.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Reverence in Church.

(Pansy, in 'C. E. World.')

I have received a thoughtful letter from a Christian worker upon the important subject of reverence in the house of God. She wishes very much that there might be chosen for one of the Endeavor prayer meetings during the coming year a topic bearing directly on this subject, and that religious papers generally could be urged to furnish well-written articles concerning it. She affirms that habits of irreverence, or carelessness bordering on the irreverent, are on the increase; and, while of course the Christian Endeavor movement is in no sense to blame for this, the fact that it has brought to prayer meetings so many young people that were not in the habit of attending has made this growing tendency more marked.

Since receiving this letter my thoughts have been turned more than usual to the matter, and I am constrained to think that there is occasion for much care to be exercised in this direction.

Not long ago I was present at a midweek prayer meeting where all the surroundings were unfamiliar; perhaps that made me more observant. I noticed an unusual attendance on the part of young people, and, of course, was glad; but I noticed other points in connection with them. Two pretty girls sat just in front of me; they came in late and were somewhat breathless. They looked at one another as soon as they were fairly seated, and laughed. It seemed to be a continuation of a laugh that had been begun on the street; probably some ludicrous incident had occurred which they could not put aside. They whispered a little, and laughed more; not very noisy laughter, but such as attracted the attention of those near them. They looked like good, thoughtless girls, who had no idea of the unpleasant impression they were making.

Across the aisle were two more girls, and a young man. One of them wrote a note and passed it to the young man, making motions which indicated that it was to be passed on, several seats ahead, to another gentleman. It was passed through several hands and many nods and motions were required to get it to its destination. It might have been a very important message, so important that the end justified the means; but for the sake of a severe-looking, middle-aged woman who sat near the three, and was disturbed, and disapproved, I wish it might have waited until after service. I am almost sure that when she censured them, as she undoubtedly did, the moment she had a chance to speak, she laid all the blame upon the Christian Endeavor pins they wore. Don't you know how often it is done?

Near the door sat two young girls who whispered incessantly. They did not mean to disturb anybody; they were serious enough; they had a book, and I think were looking for some quotation that they wanted to use in the meeting, but Oh, how they did annoy a good deacon who sat not far away! It was painful to notice that they continued the whispering even in prayer time.

Perhaps, however, the experience that tried my nerves most had to do with peppermint drops. Two girls munched them continually, and passed them to their friends reaching across an aisle to be courteous to a companion. It is of no use to try to get up an excuse for the peppermint drops; certainly they could have waited until after church. At the bottom of these and kindred disturbances lies the word 'thoughtlessness'; nothing more serious than that, I feel sure; yet how serious such conduct becomes when we remember that the very name of Christ is being dishonored!

'Pretty Christians those are to giggle and whisper through the prayer meeting!' said the severe woman, as we were passing out. I knew she would! True, it was a severe judgment, but does it not teach us how careful we ought to be? 'Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.'

The Chapter About the Little Lad's Mother.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

Proverbs xxxi.

'Mother, the chapter was all about you!'
Spoke the dear little lad, with eyes so blue,
And gleams of golden sunshine on his hair,
Running breathlessly to his mother's chair.
'That chapter the teacher read us to-day,
She smiled when she finished to hear me say,
"That is my mother." And she asked,
"Why, Paul?"
I told her, because you excel them all.

'I know you do, mother, your words are wise,
The law of kindness shines out in your eyes;
You stretch out your hand each day to the poor,
With something to eat, or to wear, I'm sure.
And you look well after your household ways,
Your husband—dear father—gives you great praise;
I hear him tell auntie he couldn't have found
Another such wife in the whole world 'round.

'Your children are proud to rise up and call
You blessed, for you're the best mother of all.
You never do wrong, you always are good;
That is the reason why I understood
The chapter so well, told teacher I knew
That she had been reading all about you.'
Yes, blessed that mother, whose child could pay
Tribute to her in such beautiful way.

—'Waif.'

My Amateur Photograph.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

(By Gainsboro.)

On my table before me as I write is an amateur photograph, three and a half inches square, just recently come to me. For aught I see in it, it might have been taken in any one of our many states, but in reality it is a scene in the southernmost part of Southern California. The upper third of the picture is a leafy arch formed by the large limbs of trees that thrust themselves into view on either side, their branches meeting above a very plain-looking little cottage and holding it in their all-embracing shade.

A porch extends across the front of this cottage, and on or near it are several persons. 'The central figure' among them would seem to be an old lady upward of eighty years of age, sitting in an easy chair, as her sweet and beautiful Christian character makes her indeed 'the central figure' in the Christian home of her daughter with whom she lives. Behind her chair stand the daughter and the daughter's husband. A little at one side are her two great-grandsons, and a little further on two granddaughters, the mothers of the boys. But now, with whatever else might be said of this picture, one must confess that merely as a picture there is nothing in it to lift it above the commonplace. One might write underneath it, 'A Scene in Southern California,' and it would elicit only a passing interest. When, however, another who has known the history of this family, in the last twenty years, would rather write under it, 'An Answer to Prayer,' methinks many a one might gaze spellbound at it as this history should be unfolded to them.

The photograph was taken on May 22 last. The day before was the fifty-ninth birthday of the husband in this picture, and also the first anniversary of his reunion with his family after an exceedingly sad separation of ten years or more (and, in passing, I may add, the second separation in a married life of some forty years). The reunion, in May, 1896, and its first anniversary, were beautifully celebrated by many friends, whose proper rejoicing was the counterpart of that in the home of 'the prodigal son,' on his return to his 'father's house.'

Leaving for the moment this picture of the little 'paradise,' of his home 'regained,' let me turn to some of the pages in the history of this redeemed husband and father. In 1838 he was born into a Christian home in one of the New England States. Reared as one might reasonably expect he should be in such a home he grew up a strictly temperate young man, and before he was of age he went west and began life there as a teacher.

Not long afterwards he married a lady who had been one of his pupils. Whatever else was true of him, he remained a teetotaler until after he began service as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion. While in the Army of the Potomac and in Virginia, he was appointed at one time to the distribution of supplies, including whiskey, when he took the first step in a life of intemperance. In due time he returned to his western home with his newly acquired thirst for strong drink, which was destined in a few years to get the complete mastery of him. Then came a business failure and the breaking up of his home, which consisted of a wife and three children. Later this was followed by a temporary reformation, a reunion of his family in 1877, and, through the intervention of a Christian friend, the obtaining of a good business situation in which he paid off his old indebtedness and provided well for his family. All doubtless might have gone on well in all the years since, if he would have heeded the warnings and invitations of Christian friends, who labored to persuade him that his only safety lay in becoming a true Christian. All efforts of this kind, however, failed, and after some years he fell into the old habit, and the last state of the man became far, far worse than the former one. A second breaking up of the family occurred, and at the age of some forty-six or forty-eight years he went out from his old home, a wretched, sinful wanderer, to reach a depth of degradation from the very thought of which he now recoils in the utmost horror.

Meantime prayer was made for him without ceasing. In his old New England home a Christian mother and sister yet live to pray for him; and God alone knows the agonizing prayers of his Christian wife in all the years of the second separation. Two years ago last April, when to human view perhaps the case of this man would have seemed more than ever, if not utterly, hopeless, when God seemed to have forgotten to be gracious, and his 'mercy towards him,' 'clean gone forever,' he was taken to an insane hospital in California, thus 'reaping the whirlwind,' of his own 'sowing.' But if it was the darkest hour in all his life for himself and his friends, God, with whom all things are possible, and whose ears are ever open to the prayers of the faithful, was to convert it into the very brightest one for both earth and heaven.

It was during a four months' stay in this asylum that 'he came to himself,' physically and spiritually, and he left the institution sane in body and soul. The good work thus begun by God was carried on until the man and his family were brought together again in the little cottage in our picture—'An Answer to Prayer.' For the first time in all its history this home a year ago was built on a foundation of which Christ is the cornerstone, and we expect it will stand henceforth. To-day my friend—for such he is of whom I write—is a deacon in his church, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school, a leader in Christian Endeavor work—yea, and better than this, he is a faithful Christian husband, father and son, presiding over one of the happiest of homes—a man whom Christ has made 'free indeed.'

In the light of all this history, the commonplaceness is wholly taken out of my amateur photograph, and it stands transfigured before me!—'Christian Work.'

Settled on the Spot.

A correspondent noticed a group of small boys who appeared to be immensely interested in the contents of a showcase. Under the glazed cover of the case were combs of honey and live bees at work. By and by one little fellow leaned over too far and broke a pane of glass with his elbow.

The accident alarmed the boys, though no one but the unobserved witness knew of it besides themselves. Pretending to be quite absorbed in other objects, the man watched them and overheard all they said.

'I'm going to find the superintendent and tell him,' insisted the little offender.

'Oh, come on! He'll make you pay. It'll take more money than you've got. Let's get out, and say nothing. You didn't mean to do it, and nobody'll know.'

The culprit seemed to be in a minority of one; but he held to his resolution without flinching.

'I'm going to find him,' he said, stoutly. 'Will you wait for me?'

The gentleman who was noting the conduct of the boys expected a stampede as soon as the glass-breaker started on his errand; but one boy, more heroic than the rest, whispered, 'Let's hold on.'

A good many impatient minutes passed before the little fellow who broke the glass came back with the superintendent.

The man was kind-hearted, and when the awful question came, 'What shall I have to pay?' he refused to charge anything for the damage.

'You're an honest lad, and we'll call it square. Only be more careful next time,' he said.

The scared boys all had a grin on their faces now; and possibly the hero of the incident felt an inch taller because he knew that he had made his companions feel somewhat ashamed, and they were the better for it.

Was he an 'average boy'—of Boston or of any other American city? If we could be certain that each of the other little men in that group would have done as he did in the same case, it would help answer the question and quite relieve the mind of an unpleasant uncertainty.

Every small boy who reads this shall have the benefit of the doubt; but remember that the courage of honor and truth is surer to become a habit if it is exercised early in life.—'Youth's Companion.'

A Hint for the Flower Committee.

(By Caroline Abbot Stanley.)

I spent last summer at a resort by the side of Lake Michigan. In the village, near by, was a church with a wide-awake minister and a live Christian Endeavor Society. The result of this combination was an overflowing congregation every Sunday—an unusual thing for summer resorts.

I am sure that this was in large part due to the work of the flower committee. I have never seen more effective decoration in any church, and their plan was so simple that I am moved to recommend it to other committees.

They apparently follow two rules:—

1. Use one thing at a time, and everything in its season.

2. Mass what you use.

The working out of this plan secured the greatest variety possible, and the most artistic effects.

They had put their money into one fine palm, a few large jars in which flowers could be massed, and three or four small stands. The flowers themselves cost nothing. They were brought from the gardens, the fields, and the river banks. The arrangement cost only thought and ingenuity. The palm served to give dignity to any arrangement, and the stands, by being shifted from place to place, secured variety.

One day the decoration was nasturtiums. The bowls were heaped with them, the organ was overrun, a tall glass vase showed their beautiful stems and lifted a few blossoms high above the rest, a long branch trailed from the desk. There were nasturtiums of every shade, from dark red to palest yellow—and nothing but nasturtiums. Well, the front of that church was one magnificent glow of color.

Another time there was nothing but the stately palm, and wild clematis running riot over everything. It was twined about the choir-rail, it fell gracefully from pulpit and stand, it drooped from chandelier and

bracket-lamp. It was exceedingly effective in its simplicity.

One of the prettiest arrangements during the summer was of sunflowers. There were sunflowers of every size, from the whole mammoth plant, filling corners and niches and covered with blosoms (not the coarse kind) as large as pie-plates, to the tiny ones not bigger than black-eyed-Susans, banked about the pulpit. The pots were covered with yellow crape paper tied with brown ribbon, thus carrying out the desired effect in every detail.

One Sunday the church blossomed out in hollyhocks, and the city people long remembered that feast of old-fashioned flowers. They had almost forgotten how holly-hocks looked.

Another time—just before the autumn flitting—we found it gorgeous with cardinal flower and goldenrod.

One can imagine what it would be in tulip time or the season of peonies and snowballs and garden lilies, or ferns and field daisies. I have thought seriously of staying some time to see the possibilites of autumn foliage in the hands of that committee.

One charm about their work was that they were never afraid to go beyond conventional lines in their direction, and still, by adhering to the simple rules before referred to, they never violated good taste.

There was always something new. People used to wonder before going what the flowers would be that day, and how they would be arranged. You will see at once that where so many different flowers were used the arrangement would naturally vary. What would be suitable for vines would not do at all for hollyhocks. They had to adapt their designs to their material, and this developed their ingenuity and their taste, while it secured constant novelty.

I used to sit and think what a rest those country flowers must be to the eyes of city people, and how wise the committee was to bring of the wealth of nature around them for the refreshing of tired souls.—'C. E. World.'

Silk Waste.

The most remarkable victory over waste which has occurred in recent years was that of Mr. S. C. Lister, of England, in utilizing the refuse of silk works, long regarded as worthless. This gentleman, about the year 1857, finding himself in a London silk warehouse, happened to cast his eye upon a great heap of this refuse, and asked what it was. 'Silk waste,' was the answer. 'What do you do with it?' The reply was: 'We sell it for rubbish; it is impossible to do anything else with it.' But the visitor examined the heap more closely, stirred it up, turned it over, felt it, smelt it. His curiosity was greatly aroused, for he was the man of all others in the world to deal with that kind of material.

Besides being himself a wool-comber, he was a highly ingenious inventor, one of the best inventive heads in Europe, and long practiced in subduing the raw material of fabrics. It was, therefore, nothing to him that this heap of matter was ill-smelling, full of sticks, mulberry leaves, dead silkworms, imperfect cocoons and sticky fibres, the mass somewhat resembling in appearance a pile of dirty, rotten old rope, half picked to pieces. He saw that a considerable fraction of the mass was the brilliant material that gleams from the silk of ladies' dresses, that composes the fine velvets and the hundred grades of plush. It was silk, in fact, worth shillings a pound, and the only question was whether it was within the resources of the mechanical arts to disentangle the precious fibres from the noisome stuff with which they were mingled.

He came to the conclusion that it probably was possible, and he determined to try the experiment. He offered to buy the heap at a cent a pound. The offer was gladly accepted, and the mass was transferred to the works of the purchaser, in Yorkshire, where he went into the study of the subject deeply and patiently. He discovered, among other things, that the supply of this kind of waste was practically illimitable. In France, in India, in Germany, in England, wherever on earth there was a growth or manufacture of silk, this waste accumulated, and was sold, if sold at all, as a fertilizer. If then, he could succeed in extracting, without excessive cost, the good silk from the mass of crude matter, he had the basis of an extensive and profitable business.

It fortunately happened that he was in the receipt of a very large income from royalties on other patents; so that he had in the greatest abundance the two things which an inventor most needs, and seldom has: money and time; and he proceeded to use both of these lavishly but wisely—money to the extent of two millions of dollars, and seven years of time.

The first process was to set a number of boys at picking out the sticks by hand, after which the material was subjected to a long series of washings, sortings and other purifications, until the worthless material was mostly separated from that which had a value. Finally, it reached a condition when some of the apparatus used for wool-combing could be applied to it. Special looms were next invented, until at last the whole process was elaborated for the conversion of silk waste into beautiful silk.

The silk was then made into velvet, silk carpets, silk plush, corded ribbon, sewing silk, poplin and floor-cloths. The waste is now so carefully utilized that from the same heap of rotting and ill-smeling rubbish are made the finest sealskin plushes and a serviceable kind of dish-cloths. Every fibre is turned to acount, and nothing is finally thrown away except sticks, stones and dirt. Another incidental advantage is that in all the silk-growing countries the silk waste has acquired a value. Hundreds of tons of it bring an enhanced price. The manufacture has proved to be highly profitable, and gives employment now to thousands of persons.—'Ledger Monthly.'

How a Form was Filled up.

It is true that a good deed is never lost, and that 'he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.' If all of the illustrations of this truth, as they have occurred in real life, could be gathered into a volume, it would be a helpful book for those to read who are habitually discourteous and unkind. Those who sow discourtesy reap enmity, and those who plant unkindness gather dislike, if not real hatred.

The writer saw a pretty little occurrence in a great city post-office one day recently. There was quite a line of persons before the money order window waiting their turn. Among them was a middle-aged, shabbily-dressed and extremely homely Irish woman, who had her money tied up in a wad in a far from clean handkerchief clasped tightly in her grimy hand. When she finally reached the money order window she said:

'Oi want to sind me mother back in ould Oireland tin dollars.'

'Where is your application?'

'Me phwat?'

'Your money order application?'

'Oi dunnó anything about anny applycation. Oi jist want to sind me widdeyed mother back in ould Oireland two poun's, or tin dollars, an' here it is, sor.'

'But you will have to fill out a regular application blank. Here is one. You fill it out and I'll make out the order for you. Please don't block up the window any longer.'

He handed her a regular foreign money order blank as he spoke. She took it in evident ignorance of what she was to do with it.

'Could you do what nades to be done wid it?' she asked.

'No, I couldn't,' was the brusque reply. It's against the postal law for me to fill out an application. You'll have to do it yourself, or get some one else to do it for you. Please move away from the window and not keep others away who have their application ready.'

She turned away perplexed and disappointed, not knowing what to do.

Directly behind the old woman stood a bright, trim-looking lad of about seventeen with several money order applications in his hand. He touched the old lady lightly on the shoulder and said:

'Would you like to have me fill that out for you?'

'Oh, could you, sor?'

'Yes, indeed; I always fill them out in the office where I am employed.'

He stepped from the line with her and went to a shelf desk against the wall on which were pens and ink.

'Now,' he said, 'just tell me to whom you are going to send this money.'

'To me ould mother, County Galway, Oireland.'

When she told him her mother's name and the town in which she lived together with her own name and address, he wrote them in the proper places and handed the application back to her, saying:

'Now it's all right.'

'Is it? What a foine thing it is to have the l'arnin' ye have, and a koind heart to go along wid it! An' ye've lost your place in the loine and at the windy to do me this service.

'Oh, that makes no difference at all. I'm in no great hurry, and I don't mind taking my place at the foot of the line again.'

'Luk at that now!' exclaimed the grateful woman. 'It's not many young lads as wud do so much for wan loike me. If iver Oi mate your mother Oi'll tell her she has a bye to be proud av for his koind heart and his gentlemanly way. Hivin bless ye, me lad!'

And I am sure there is a record kept in heaven of every kindly deed like this, and that God's blessing rests upon all who practice his law of love and kindness in being courteous and helpful to others, no matter how poor and lowly they may be.—'Young Soldier.'

About two years and a half ago my father smoked a great deal, and from doing so he got cold sweats at night, but he did not know what the cause was.

I was in Miss Cutler's class, and as we were studying physiology I found out the whole cause of my father's ailment. It was smoking and nothing else. I told him what we had studied, and he made me promise that if I would stop eating so much butter and would never smoke, he would quit smoking. About three months after he had quit smoking entirely, and he has not had cold sweats near as much as he had. The result of this lesson was to help save my father's life, and perhaps it will do the same to more than one other.—'Union Signal.'

Tony Tippet's Rabbit.

('Band of Mercy.')

Tony Tippet was (I do not say is) a stupid, ugly little fellow, with a face like a boiled suet dumpling. Now he is a bright, intelligent boy, and if he is not top of his class every week, the reason is that he has from some good cause been unable to attend school. And what has wrought this change, humanly speaking? Why, a little white rabbit. You shall hear how.

One day Tony cut his finger so badly with a new knife, which he was not man enough to use properly, that his mother said she should take it away. But Tony begged her to let him 'swap' it with one of his schoolfellows, who would give him a rabbit in exchange. Some of the boys said it was fun to keep rabbits, and Tony thought he might as well try how he liked them. Old Tom, the man who did 'odd jobs' for Tony's father, would look after it, Tony thought, and he would have no trouble with it. And as the word 'trouble' came into his mind, Tony yearned; he did not like trouble—in the sense of taking pains—about anything. When old Tom heard that he was expected to look after Master Tony's rabbit, however, he shook his grey head, and said, 'Na, na, I got enough to do without bothering about no rabbits. Master Tony must learn to carry his own pack. I don't mind teaching you that, sir.'

'I don't know what you mean,' cried Tony, staring; 'and I've got to go to school now, so I can't stop.'

'Happen you'll learn my meaning there,' replied the old man with a grin, 'and—

'Oh,' interrupted Tony, 'there's a boy coming up the lane with a basket. No doubt he's got my rabbit inside.'

Sure enough Tony's pet had arrived, and in another moment he had opened the basket and lugged out the contents—a pretty, white, pink-eyed rabbit—by its two black ears. Tony held it up, kicking, struggling as it was, and said to old Tom, 'Here's a beauty, what shall I call it?'

'What you please, sir, when you've learnt to hold it right,' cried the old man. 'For goodness sake, Master Tony, never take up or hold a rabbit by the ears like that. 'Tis so cruel!' As he spoke, Tom took the rabbit gently away from Tony, and while he held its ears tenderly with his right hand he supported its body with his left. 'There, sir,' he said, 'that's the way to hold the poor thing—not as if it was a bell you was a-swinging of.'

DRAWING LESSON VII.

Just then Tony heard his mother calling to him that if he did not start at once he would be late for school, and with a hasty 'put it back in the basket, please, Tom, he ran away.

About three hours after that, Tom, passing by the stable where he had put Tony's new pet, found the litle boy within, looking at the rabbit. But his eyes were red and swollen, and his cheeks stained with tears. 'What's the matter, Master Tony?' asked Tom; 'had the cane at school?'

'N-n-o,' sighed Tony, 'but Howard, one of the big fellows, was in a wax with me because I upset his inkpot, and he—brute!—seized me by my ears and swung me round—beast!' And Tony began to cry.

'Glad of it,' remarked old Tom, 'now you know what that 'ere bunny felt when you took un up by his ears; now you know it hurts shocking, and you won't never do it no more, since you surely wouldn't do to a poor dumb thing what you can't abear done to yourself.'

Tony looked first at old Tom, and then at the rabbit. A gleam of intelligence came into his face. He had learned something. It was as if a little bud of the flower of sympathy had sprouted in his heart which might blossom by-and-by. 'No, I won't,' he said; 'I'll call the rabbit Longears, then I shall remember he likes 'em—'

'Handled proper same as you likes yours,' finished old Tom.

LONGEARS'S HOUSE.

Tony put his rabbit in a little box just big enough to hold it, gave it some lettuce that night for supper, and some more for breakfast next morning, and thought he had done well by it. He had not time to ask his old friend where he should keep the rabbit, for Tom had been called away in a hurry, and Tony thought it too much trouble to go and consult his schoolfellow to whom Longears had belonged. He therefore determined to put the little creature in a small empty tool chest of his own, which, as has been said, was just large enough for it to sit in, but not big enough for it to turn about or stretch itself in, and hurried off to school.

His lessons were, as usual, very imperfectly done, and the consequence was that after the other boys had been dismissed Tony was obliged to remain in the schoolroom alone to re-write an exercise. He was very angry with the master who set him this task, but, of course, he had to do it, and when it was done he took the copy-book as he had been told to do, and laid it on the desk, where all the boys' exercises were placed for revision. A smart red book, with gilt edges, lay upon this desk, and Tony must needs take it up to see if there were any pictures in it. While he was doing so he heard Mr. Ferrars', the master's, step approaching the door. Tony looked wildly round for some means of escape. He thought, 'Old Ferrars will give it me if he catches me here with this book in my hand. What shall I do?' Quick as thought he jumped into an old oak chest which stood open at the side of the desk, and pulled to the lid just as Mr. Ferrars came into the room. Fortunately for Tony there was a hole in the side of the chest, which gave him sufficient air to breathe; but, oh, how cramped were his limbs. He could not stir, and had to remain crouched down, scarcely able to raise his head from his knees.

To make matters worse, Mr. Ferrars sat down on the chest, as he often did, and began to look over the exercises left for his correction. Tony could bear it no longer. 'Oh, sir, please, sir!' he gasped, 'please let me out—out!' he ended with a shriek. Up jumped Mr. Ferrars with a spring which sent him half way towards the ceiling and back, and stared all about him to discover whence came the yell. 'Am I going mad?' thought the poor man ruefully, as he sank into a chair near at hand. At that moment, to his still greater amazement, the lid of the oak chest shook violently and the astonished master beheld it rise, and in another second the ghastly, tearful face of Tony Tippet slowly emerged from below, and the quaking body and limbs of Tony Tippet slowly followed, until the whole boy, under the petrified gaze of his horrified tutor, stood on the floor trembling before him.

As soon as Mr. Ferrars understood the story he told Tony to go out in the fresh air, adding, 'For goodness sake never let me find you doing it again. Why if there hadn't been a hole in the box you'd have been suffocated!'

Tony ran home as fast as he could go, and the first thing he did when he got there was to go and see Longears. By the side of Longears's prison cell he found old Tom, and at once burst out with the story of his 'squeeze,' as he called it, and how he had suffered much pain when in the box.

'Glad of it,' returned the old man, with a sort of angry growl; 'now you'll know better not to keep your poor bunny in a cramp like this! 'Tis a wonder he ain't dead—poor thing.' So saying, he opened the tool chest, and lifted out the little rabbit, which he placed gently on the ground. Longears at first seemed too stiff to be able to move, but after a bit he revived and hopped about a little. Tony, meanwhile, by Tom's directions, went and fetched a large empty hamper. Tom partly filled it with shavings, and then made Tony fetch some oats and bran, and cabbage, which, with a very little fresh water, he said would do for the rabbit's supper.

When Longears had been thus made comfortable for the night, Tom told Tony he would help him to make a proper hutch for his pet. 'I ain't going to do it for you, mind,' said the old man; 'but I'll learn you how. There's a grocer's box you can buy for a shilling, three feet long, eighteen inches high, and two feet wide. You get that, and tomorrow you've a holiday, haven't you? You come to me and I'll show you what to do.'

This, accordingly, Tony did, and as he worked away under Tom's direction, his pale, pasty face became rosy, and his vacant eyes sparkled with real intelligence.

As soon as the hutch was finished Tony put Longears inside. Tom was not present when he did this, and, therefore, though Tony gave his pet some food, he did not take the trouble to make him a bed, but ran off without doing so. He was going to see his grandmother, who lived about two miles from the town where was Tony's home. He had dinner with her, consisting of roast chicken and cherry pie, which he enjoyed very much, and then he had a ride on a capital donkey called Jack, after which he had tea, and then he set out to come home. On the way he was caught in a heavy shower, and, finding a little wayside church open, he went inside, and, being rather tired with his ride and all the good things he had eaten, he fell asleep. Presently Tony woke up cold and shivering; he had been asleep for an hour in one of the pews, and it was now past six o'clock. The heavy rain which had fallen, and the usual cold atmosphere of a village church, combined to make Tony very chilly, and he hurried to the door to get out, but it was locked! The sexton had been in while Tony was asleep, and, not knowing, of course, that the little boy was in the church, had gone out again, locking the door behind him. In vain Tony kicked at the massive piece of oak and screamed; no one heard him; no one came, and at last in despair he sat down and cried bitterly. Oh, how cold he was, and how frightened! Supposing nobody came near the church till Sunday—this was only Tuesday—why he would be dead long before that! And oh, how cold he felt! If only he had some warm wraps to put on! How miserable he was; and he shivered; and oh, what was that noise? Tony started and looked fearfully round at some imaginary sound. Happily for him, however, there was evening service at eight o'clock that evening, and so at half-past seven the sexton came to ring the bells, and Tony was set free. How he raced home! Next morning, when he told Tom what had happened to him, the old man said, 'Glad of it, sir. Now you'll know what your bunny was a-feeling of all yesterday. I happened to go past his hutch late in the afternoon, just when it was so damp and chill, and there he was a-shivering on the bare boards, wi' never a bit o' hay nor shavings, nor nothin' for a bed. I got him a nice bundle and made him snug, poor fellow; but don't you never forget, Master Tony, that a rabbit's a creature that wants a nice warm place to sleep in, 'cause I've heard they do naturally belong to hot countries. Don't you never leave him as you did yesterday, sir.'

One fine morning in July one of Tony's schoolfellows invited him to come for a picnic with him and his sisters. They were to drive to a ruined castle about five miles from the town and eat their dinner on the grass, play, have tea there, and come back late in the afternoon. Tony was delighted, and ran to get ready, as his mother said he might go. Just as Tony was dressed he remembered he had not fed his poor Longears, and if he did not no one else would, as old Tom was ill just then. 'Bother,' thought Tony, 'I really can't go out and cut lettuce for that tiresome rabbit, or I may be late. John said the carriage would be here directly—I don't see why Longears shouldn't eat bacon and cold meat.' These things Tony knew he could get from the dining-room without any trouble, since the breakfast things had not been cleared away. So he hurriedly collected some scraps of bacon, and cold meat, put them on a plate, and flew to Longears's hutch, into which he popped it, and tore back to the house to be ready for the carriage when it came. Tony greatly enjoyed the drive and the scramble over the ruins of the castle, and then he began to look forward to the picnic dinner which was to follow, and was one of the most zealous to offer to unpack the big hamper which was supposed to contain provisions—but alas! by some unlucky mistake the wrong hamper had been placed in the carriage, and it contained nothing but grass. And as boys and girls cannot eat that, there was nothing for it but to go home again; and a very cross, hungry party reappeared in the town early in the afternoon, to the intense surprise of those left at their respective homes.

Later in the evening Tony went to see Longears, and on the way met old Tom, who said that he was so much better he had come up 'to see to things a bit, and lucky I did, for'—but Tony interrupted him to tel the story of the dinnerless picnic party.

'Why didn't you do with grass?' asked old Tom.

'Grass, Tom? How could we eat grass? That's not our food. Oh, 'twas a shame! We were so hungry, and hadn't a mouthful we could eat.'

'Glad of it, sir. Served you right for going out for the day, leaving your poor rabbit with naught it could eat. Lucky I come when I did, to give it its proper food. Now, sir, do take my advice, as you have undertook the care o' a pet. Do see it has all it needs. Remember, a rabbit wants three things: First, a hutch of a proper size; second, it wants a bed o' shavings or hay, so as to keep it warm; third, it wants proper food—oats, bran, barley-meal and hay, and a little fresh water, and it must have lettuce, cabbage and other greens.

LESSON III.—July 15.

The Gentile Woman's Faith.

Mark vii., 24-30. Memory verses, 27-30.
Read Mark vii., 1-23.

Daily Readings.

M. Parallel.—Matt. xv., 21-31.
T. Little Faith.—Matt. xiv., 22-33.
W. According to Faith.—Matt., ix., 27-31.
T. Urgent Plea.—Luke xviii., 35-43.
F. Commendation.—Luke vii., 1-10.
S. Salvation.—John x., 1-13.

Golden Text.

'Lord, help me.'—Matt. xv., 25.

Lesson Text.

(24) And from thence he arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into an house, and would have no man know it; but he could not be hid. (25) For a certain woman, whose daughter had an unclean spirit, heard of him, and came and fell at his feet; (26) The woman was a Greek, a Syrophoenician by nation; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. (27) But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it unto the dogs. (28) And she answered and said unto him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. (29) And he said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil has gone out of thy daughter. (30) And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out and her daughter laid on the bed.

Suggestions.

The Lord Jesus had had long days of weary travelling and ministering to the multitudes who day after day came thronging to see and hear him, and to bring him their sick and afflicted friends. When he took his disciples away for a little rest and quiet time in the mountains near Bethsaida, on the Sea of Galilee, there the multitude quickly followed, and our Lord in his loving compassion, instead of sending them away, healed their diseases, comforted their souls, and finally bade them be seated to partake of that wonderful feast furnished from the five small loaves and two tiny fishes.

That night was spent by Jesus in prayer alone on the mountain; thus he gained strength by contact with his Father. The next day was filled with wearying opposition from the Scribes and Pharisees. They argued and contradicted everything that the Lord Jesus said, and even many of those who had followed him before fell away from him when he taught them that he was the Bread of Life, sent down from God. (John vi., 57-60, 66.)

Again, Jesus and his disciples left the city of Capernaum and journeyed up the country until they came to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. But no rest could be found here, no time for quiet fellowship and communion. As soon as they arrived, a woman came to Jesus beseeching him to heal her little daughter, who was possessed by an unclean spirit. This woman was a Gentile and a heathen, but she had heard of the works of Jesus and believed that he would heal her daughter. She knelt at his feet as he sat in the house, then as he probably got up and walked away with his disciples, she followed, crying after them to have mercy on her child. (Matt. xv., 22, 23.)

At first it seemed as though the Saviour paid no heed to the woman's cries of entreaty. The disciples begged him to send her away; perhaps they wanted her request granted simply so that she would not worry them by her crying. Jesus answered that his work was among the Israelites, who belonged in a special way to God, rather than with the heathen peoples roundabout. The Jews were given the first call to the kingdom of God; those who accepted were to have the privilege of extending that call to all the world, but not until after the death and resurrection of our Lord was the great commission given.

But the woman could not be put off. She drew nearer and repeated her request. This time Jesus answered her, but not as he had answered other like requests. With seeming harshness he told her that it was not suitable to give the children's bread to dogs, meaning that the Israelites were God's chosen people, his children to whom the bread of life was sent, and that the heathen, with their passionate, selfish, impure natures were like dogs who could not understand nor appreciate such a gift. This test made the woman's faith greater rather than less. She accepted the position and acknowledged her unworthiness. But she pleaded with humility and faith that even though she were no better than a dog, not worthy of receiving God's love, yet surely she might be given some of the little crumbs of mercy, as even dogs were not allowed to starve in their master's house.

The Lord Jesus was so pleased with the unfailing faith of this woman that he quickly granted her request, and her daughter was cleansed and made whole from that very hour. This heathen woman had such faith in the Lord Jesus as to be an example to believers. She kept on crying to the Lord for mercy, until she received from him the desire of her heart. She was not discouraged when he did not answer her at first, nor when he afterward reproved her. She was humble; she did not say that she was just as good as most people. She acknowledged that she was a sinner, and terribly in need of mercy. Her faith was a proof of that saying of our Lord, that if the heathen cities had seen the same mighty works as did the cities of Israel (Matt. xi., 20-24), they would at once have believed and repented.

'More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.'
—Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.'

Questions.

1. Where did our Lord go on this day?
2. Whom did he meet there?
3. What did she want?
4. What was wrong with her child?
5. Could Jesus heal her?
6. Why did he not do so at once?
7. Should discouragement strengthen our faith or make it less?
8. What did the woman say about dogs?
9. How did the Lord Jesus reward her faith?

Junior C. E Topic.

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST.

Monday, July 9.—We are God's witnesses.—Isa. xliv., 8.

Tuesday, July 10.—Witnessing in life.—I. Tim. vi., 12.

Wednesday, July 11.—Our encouragement.—Heb. xii., 1.

Thursday, July 12.—Testify to his goodness.—I. Cor. xv., 10.

Friday, July 13.—Tell of your salvation through him.—Acts iv., 12.

Saturday, July 14.—Tell of his daily helpfulness.—Acts xvii., 28.

Sunday, July 15.—Topic—How can we 'be witnesses' for Christ? Acts i., 4-8.

C. E. Topic.

July 15.—How mission work will gain success. Acts i., 6-14. (Quarterly missionary meeting. The Islands.)

Pray for Your Scholars.

No Sunday-school teacher can expect the blessing of God upon his labors unless he prays daily for each member of his class. The power of prayer is not a question for our discussion; we all believe in it. We can never teach successfully if we leave our best weapon unused.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—WATER AND TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

1. Q.—Why does alcohol harm the system so much?

A.—Because it goes through all parts of the body unchanged, and by its affinity for the water in the blood, the brain, and all the soft parts of the body, it injures every part it touches.

2. Q.—What does it do?

A.—It mixes with the water in the blood and hardens the albumen and all the glue-like substances of the body.

3. Q.—What is albumen?

A.—Substance like the white of an egg. If you pour alcohol over the white of an egg it will make it hard.

4. Q.—Where do we find albumen?

A.—In all the soft parts of the body.

5. Q.—Why should the affinity of alcohol for water injure the body?

A.—Because the body is largely composed of water.

6. Q.—How much water is there in the body?

A.—About seventy parts out of every one hundred parts are water.

7. Q.—If a person weighs one hundred and fifty pounds how much of it is water?

A.—One hundred and five pounds, or about twelve gallons.

8. Q.—How much water does a healthy person require each day?

A.—About a quart and a half.

9. Q.—Give an example of affinity for water?.

A.—If you pour water on quicklime the water unites with the quicklime and disappears. It helps make the white substance used for plaster, but it is entirely changed.

10. Q.—What is meant by affinity?

A.—The readiness which many substances show to unite with other substances and change their nature.

11. Q.—Can any other fluid take the place of water as a drink?

A.—No; unless a man drinks about a quart and a half of water a day he dies within a short time.

12. Q.—Are there not many people who drink little or no water?

A.—Yes.

13. Q.—Why do they not die?

A.—Because the drinks they take consist mostly of water. No drink that does not contain a great deal of water can ever quench thirst or do the body any good.

14. Q.—Are there drinks that can supply the place of water?

A.—Milk contains food as well as water; with this exception, no drink can supply the place of water.

15. Q.—How is it with alcoholic drinks?

A.—In alcoholic drinks the alcohol does nothing but harm, the water they contain is all that does the body any good.

16. Q.—Are there harmless drinks made up partly of water, that do not hurt children?

A.—Yes; fresh fruit juices, mingled with water, often make cooling and refreshing drinks; lemonade, for instance.

17. Q.—Children, which would you rather do, use harmless drinks, and grow up healthy and happy, or drink wine and other alcoholic drinks and become miserable drunkards?

A.—We will drink water, milk, or lemonade; try to be useful and good; we will work, and try to earn and save money, so we can take care of ourselves, and have homes of our own instead of becoming burdens to others.

'Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely.'—Rev. xxii., 17.

A Healthful Example.

Some of the civilized nations of the west might well take counsel of that most progressive of all the nations of the east, Japan, in regard to questions of moral reform. State legislatures have legislated

against the cigarette habit among minors in the United States, but the national legislature at Washington has not, we believe, interested itself in the matter. Here is where the imperial diet of Japan is in advance of the congress of the United States. The smoking habit in Japan has become very general, even the small boys of the street being addicted to the habit of cigarette smoking. Many of the best citizens of the empire are beoming greatly exercised and alarmed at the growing habit. The advocates of reform have been agitating the matter and calling attention to the danger involved, until parents and the people are awakening to the gravity of the situation. With this progressive people to be aroused is to act, and in this instance there is acting at a point where action can be most effective. The consequence has been that an influential member, in early December, introduced a bill in the lower house of the imperial diet forbidding the smoking of tobacco by persons under eighteen years of age, imposing a fine not only upon offenders, but upon those selling to such persons. After careful consideration of the bill by the committee to which it had been referred, it was favorably reported to the house, substituting twenty for eighteen years. Later the bill was passed by the lower house, all the leading men being in favor of it. The action of the lower house will undoubtedly be concurred in and confirmed by the house of peers.—'Methodist Recorder.'

A Barrel of Whiskey.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street,
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of this world-renowned whiskey from somebody's still
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh,—
A sulphurous shadow, that grew, as I gazed,
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm
Where Vice is the pilot, with Crime at the helm,
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whiskey which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee.

'Oh, I never handle the stuff,' he replied,
'My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure you might wish to look,
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book,
You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whiskey galore.'
And ere I could slip but another word in,
He checked it off gayly, his cargo of sin,—

,A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows!
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries;
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the bead on the liquor that glows in the glass;
My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell.
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in hell!'
—'Wisconsin Prohibitionist.'

Beer guzzled down, as it is by many workingmen, is nothing better than brown ruin. Dull, droning blockheads sit on the ale bench and wash out what little sense they ever had. —C. H. Spurgeon, D.D.

Correspondence

A Letter For You.

Dear Boys and Girls,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but I have thought of you very often and wished for you all happiness. Thank you all for your letters and for your love and good wishes to the 'Messenger.' Please do not think that your letters are not appreciated; if they do not get into print it is because we have not room to print them all, not because we are not glad to get them. You would not like the 'Messenger' to be all made up of letters, would you?

We want to thank each one of you who have contributed to the Indian Famine Fund. Your money has gone straight to India to be used by the missionaries for the saving of many lives, we trust. India needs your prayers. The rain has begun to fall now, and the people are looking for better times, but they need all the more help now in the months that must pass before harvest, for without the help of Christians this would be the darkest time. This is a most important time to send help to them, for if we help keep them alive until harvest then they can help themselves. Pray that God will touch the hearts of his children in this land that they may mercifully send money to buy food for those starving creatures who are our brothers and sisters. Pray for the missionaries, too. Every day they have to see these hundreds of thin, starving people, to hear their piteous cries for bread, and to know that numbers are dying at their very doors. Pray that our Father will protect them from illness and from over work and worry in the midst of their dreadful surroundings. Pray that those who receive the bread that our money buys for them may also receive Jesus, the Bread of Life.

Miss Todd has written from India thanking those who sent papers to her. She has not time to write to each one separately, but sends her love and thanks for kind wishes and promises of prayer. She does not wish for any more papers, as she has all she can possibly use now. We hope to publish a letter from Miss Todd in a few weeks.

China needs your prayers. All the missionaries and native Christians there are in great danger. The Boxers, a great society of cruel, wicked men, are making war in China on everything that is right and good. Already many of the Chinese who have become Christians, and even some of the white missionaries, have been cruelly slain. But God is able to protect his children, even though the heathen rage and threaten. Ask the Lord Jesus to protect the missionaries and other Christians there, and to make them realize that God is their refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. (Ps. xlvi.) Ask him that all this trouble may be used to make China more open to the Gospel, and to make the Chinese anxious to receive the Lord Jesus into their lives. The only place of safety is in God.

South Africa needs your prayers. I know that you have been praying for the brave soldiers these many months, but the great thing about prayer is to pray faithfully until you get the answer, as did the woman of whom we learn in our Sabbath-school lesson this week. Never forget to pray for your own home and friends and for your country.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Pooft Hood Island, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island about three miles long and one mile broad. It is situated about a mile from the mainland. There are fourteen families here, making a population of one hundred. We have a ferry on each side. We have a church, school-house, post-office, factory and two dry goods stores. The principal industries are farming and fishing. I have two brothers and one sister. We take the 'Messenger.' We could not do without it now.

MAUD B. S. (Aged 9.)

Moosejaw.

Dear Editor,—I live on the prairie. I have never seen apples grow. I take the 'Messenger' and love to read the correspondence. I go to school in the summer. I have a little sister; her name is Marguerite. She is five years old. She has a pet cat and I have a pony. I call it 'Teda.'

ERLE H. (Aged 8.)

Letters Received.

We are pleased to acknowledge letters from those whose names appear below. We are sorry to say that some of these letters got mislaid in the early spring, and therefore were not properly acknowledged at the time of their receipt. Thank you all for your kind words and good wishes for the 'Messenger.'

Katie M. L., Frank H. B., Nellie I. Gate, Walter Ruddy, Milton P., Pearl Kerr, Jennie Leslie, Alice Dewar, James Milne, Bessie J. L., Annie, Neville C., Frank Seeback, Jeannie A., Annie Thompson, James Doffie, Edith Biggar, T. J. Mackey, Helen I. L., Hazel G. G., Archie G. G., M. Gertie G., Lettie M. L., Della, George F., George D. McL., John Dewar, Ralph Grimmon, R. P. W., Fred. R. Munro, M. H. Munro, Bennie Hughes, J. H. S., Bruce M., W. G. F., H. Williamson, Maggie Teel, Anna E. S., Alice W., Jessie L., Donald G., Ethel May Humphrey, Lilian G., May Young, Eva Gaskerson, Tillie S., M. Youre, Edith Lee, Manly Weller, Goldie Bailey, Ethel Ward, Neil G. Rae, Nancy, Carrie, Edd P., Lizzie Ann, Michael M., Olive L., Robert W. M., Bessie Hanna, Gertrude Pettit, Jessie Hoose, Winifred Argue, Fred P. Adams, Gracie Brown, Russel B., Percy M., Roselyn M., Kathleen, Florence E. M., Lizzie, Lily Laulor, J. C. Macleod, George L. Snow, W. D. McLean, Della, Mary Rae, Samuel Buchanan, Kathleen Wilson, W. S. G., Nellie, Etta Griffin, Thomas J. A., Winnie, Ray, Eldon, Edna, Orville, Robbie Leard, Russell K., Harry M. F., Lee Estey, Ethel M., George M. B., Meda H., May Campbell, P. M. McLennan, Alma S. C., Mary B., K. E. S., Elean Taylor, Effie H. H., Robert E., Claude M., Winnie Stuart, Irene May, Leslie S., Pear Gillard, Lila E., Ethel C. L., Nellie, Frank W. G., Fannie A. P., Gertrude M. P., Nellie McL., Florence Parker, Gladys Osborne, Winnie Graham, Milo Ely, Mabel Clark, Florence Clark, Ina B., T. H., W. G. Murray, Ernest W. Cathcart, Dell Ewen, Bert Ewen, Georgina E. Rusk, John Armstrong, Octavia Dimock, Jessie O. Dimock, Dorothy C. Peck, Earl, John W. F., Violet Merrick, M. B., Marguerite Whitman, Inez L. Whitman, John Calvin M., Cora M. Short, Ina May Gordon, Nellie Rogers, Frank Conley, N. Lewis, Charlie Wood, Eliza Clock, Charles E. Griffin, Sadie R. Neumeyer, Maggie Creighton, H. E., Reggie W. Perrin, A. M., Thomas S., Hester E. Gelz, Bessie Caswall, May, Lila Yardley, Morton D., Vermont Farmer Boy, Belle S. W., Bella L. H., Edna W., John T. Bell, Avon, McKelvey, Rosilla L., Jimmie Harnish, Alonzo Johnson, Robbie Cumberland, N. M. S., E. A. W., Rosella Perry, Lena Ross, May, Alex. McEwen, Greta G. Gaskin, Kate Bogart, Harry M. A. Kerley, Winnie Brown, Gertrude M. Tully, C. Roy McEwan, Freddie Sharpin, Ada M. Beer, Ethel C. L., Wm. Howard D., Ralph H., Maggie Rose, Rose Collin, Daisy Collie, Laura Stillwell, Elva M. Crossman, Pearl L. Nattress, Ezra Snow, Lavena Wark, Eva J. F., Josie Macdonald, Lily Dooks, Vera T., Viola M. P.

The 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Borax a Non-Poisonous Remedy.

'A simple domestic remedy is borax. My mother kept a solution of salt water and borax constantly on hand, and if the slightest irritation or sore throat developed among us, she had us gargle three times a day and lave our mouths and tonsils freely. Our good health and freedom from fevers and contagious diseases was owing, in part, no doubt ,to its use,' says the editor of the 'Phrenological Magazine.'

'In the case of a burn, we wet cloths, dipped in a strong solution of borax water, and were very careful to exclude the air in putting them off and on. It is very cooling and healing and a child does not rebel against it as with some remedies. One thing in its favor in using it among children is, it is so harmless, while other gargles with carbolic acid are often taken by mistake, and cause great distress. I often think if every young mother only knew of its virtues she would be thankful and, having once adopted it, would never give it up. As a disinfectant it is excellent. One should keep it on the kitchen shelf.

'If you awaken in the night coughing and cannot sleep, get a small portion of powdered borax and place on your tongue and let it slowly dissolve and it will almost instantly stop the cough, as it will also relieve an ulcer in the throat. Our great singers use it to aid them in keeping the throat in health. Water will dissolve only a certain amount of borax and so all one needs to do is to put a quantity into a pint or quart bottle and pour on water. What cannot be dissolved sinks to the bottom and when the solution is gone add more water. Use it full strength.'—Boston 'Transcript.'

Outdoor Lunch for Children.

The strawberry month is a good time to give the children an outdoor lunch or a picnic supper on the lawn or piazza. Even the back yard of a city house will give far more pleasure and variety for such an occasion than if the same thing was given indoors, especially if the yard be well grassed over. But the child whose home is in the country has by far the best time of it in the way of picnic lunches.

It is not wise to give children anything but the most simple fare at such times, for they are sure to eat more than they would at a regular meal. Buttered biscuits, with a few crushed strawberries between, pink lemonade and cookies are all that is needed and, if with this strawberry ice-cream is also served, it is a veritable feast for them.

Purchase as many wooden plates from your grocer as needed, and use in place of china. They may be had by the dozen, and are quite inexpensive. Have pretty little fringed doilies of white tissue paper for the plates to rest on, and pile the cookies in the little splint baskets in which strawberries are sold, lining it first with one of the fringed paper doilies.—'Household.'

Suggestions Worth Trying.

A raw potato will remove mud marks from black clothes. It should be cut in half and rubbed on the marks.

When washing dishes which have held milk, rinse them out with cold water before placing them in hot water.

The odor of cloves is very unpleasant to red ants. If whole cloves are scattered in the places where the ants are found, they will disappear.

Soiled photographs may be cleansed by sponging with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts should be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

Old kid gloves are useful for many purposes. If worn when ironing they will preserve the hands and render them less likely to become sore.

Ink stains may be removed from linen by putting melted tallow on the mark and then washing the article. The ink and the grease will come out together.

Yellow stains left by machine oil on white material may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia, before washing with soap.

To clean plates and [illegible] which are thoroughly saturated with grease, let them stand for two or three hours in hot water to which lye has been added.

The French method of making gravy with roast meats is to baste the roast repeatedly with butter. The resultant rich juices are neither thickened nor strained.

Damp has a great deal to do with the prevalence of moths in many houses. When the floors are washed the carpets should never be put down until the boards are perfectly dry.

If, when making gingerbread, molasses cookies or ginger-snaps, the molasses, soda, butter and ginger are cooked together until the mixture just escapes candying, and then cooled before adding the egg and flour, the result will be much more delicate and satisfactory.—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Useless Wasting of Strength.

If women only knew it, they waste a great deal of strength by undue expenditure of emotion on small occasions. Part of the training of our young girls should be along lines of self-repression, in the way of the quiet manner, the restrained speech, the tranquil expression of face and the reposeful carriage of the body. A young husband, accustomed to the calm gentleness of a mother who might easily have been mistaken for a friend, so silent and dignified was her fortitude in the presence of disasters, so equal was she to every emergency, was shocked and alarmed, not long ago, to find his idolized wife almost thrown into convulsions by a household catastrophe of some sort—something not more dreadful than the breaking of a cherished bit of china. The girl wife came of a family whose custom it was to express themselves volubly and to fly into frantic states of mind when there was apparently little call for vehemence.

Apart from the lack of good taste here displayed, women often wear themselves out by too lavish a display of feeling. One may feel acutely without tearing passion to tatters, and it would be wise for mothers to inculcate on growing children a wholesome self-restraint.—'The Presbyterian.'

The Importance of Breakfast

Sallie Joy White contributes to the 'Woman's Home Companion' an essentially practical article on 'The breakfast hour,' in the course of which she says: 'A teacher in one of the large city schools says that if any of her pupils complain of headache during the morning, or are peevish and hard to get along with, the first question she asks is if a proper breakfast has been eaten. If she finds it has not, she sends the pupil for a luncheon. She also advises the mothers of her pupils that when the child shows little disposition for breakfast, the mother should see that it is supplied with a luncheon to carry to school to eat at the recess period. I don't know how many housekeepers I have heard say that the meal they most dreaded was breakfast. They knew what to have for dinner, and could get up a dainty tea or appetizing luncheon, but they never knew what to get for breakfast. I always think these housekeepers either must have very little originality or must be too indolent or indifferent to think things out. There may be just as much variety in the breakfast as in any other meal.'

Suggestions to Mothers.

Children should be accustomed as soon as possible to sleep in a dark room. Unless they have learned to be afraid of it, darkness is soothing to the nerves and the rest is more profound and refreshing than when there is the unconscious stimulation of light. It is particularly desirable for children of a nervous temperament that light should be excluded, yet it is most often the nervous, sensitive child whose imagination has been filled with fears of shapes the dark may hide. Silly tales told by cruel servants or mischievous brothers, thoughtless speeches by the elders, stories half understood and brooded over, make the kindly darkness a terror to many an unfortunate child. The mother should try by every means in her power to remove these fears. The child who is subject to them should never be forced to stay alone in the dark. Much gentle persuasion and reasoning, appeals to common sense and the example of older persons will be necessary before they are overcome, but patience will conquer them at last.—'American.'

To Have Good Teeth.

All persons, old and young, should have their teeth examined once every six months by a competent dentist. Decay will be present and tartar forming, which nothing but a thorough examination will reveal. Professional service rendered in time means high-class work, less pain and great economy. A tooth filled when decay is slight will not be sensitive, the operation not long and the filling lasting, because the operator has more and better structure to work on. He is enabled to make the walls of the cavity thicker and stronger and with slight danger of exposing the nerve, the dread and fear of all when having teeth filled. Have your teeth attended to in time. Do not procrastinate. Give the dentist good tooth-structure to work upon and he will render you excellent service. One person in a hundred has good teeth; ninety-nine persons in a hundred could have good teeth with the proper attention.—H. G. Vorhies, D.D.S., in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

Sponge Cake.—Beat up three eggs, one and a half-cups of sugar, add one cup flour, also one teaspoonful of baking powder in one more cup of flour, and one half-cup of cold water. Beat one minute, flavor to taste, and bake.

Delicate White Puffs.—Beat a pint of rich milk and the whites of four eggs until very light, and add, slowly beating all the while, a cupful of finely sifted flour and a scant cupful of powdered sugar and the grated peel of half a lemon. Bake in buttered tins in a very hot oven, turn out, sift powdered sugar over them and serve hot with lemon sauce.

Molasses Cookies.—To make molasses cookies—nice, fat, soft ones—put into a bowl one cup of shortening (drippings and lard), two cups of New Orleans molasses, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and two teaspoonfuls of soda, and stir until 'bubbly.' Add half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a beaten egg and flour to roll as soft as possible. Cut out perfectly round and lift carefully with a broad-bladed knife into a floured dripping pan, being careful not to crowd them. Bake a rich brown in a moderately hot oven. When done lift out carefully and lay on a smooth surface. When cold fill a cooky jar.—N. Y. 'Tribune.'

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'